

Fat Joe "What's Luv?"

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Put the fuckin' mic on
Mic is on
Joe Crack the Don, uh
Yeah yeah, y'all
Irv Gotti

What's luv?
Ashanti, Terror, Terror Squad
It should be about us
Be about trust

What's luv?
(Got to do, got to do with it babe)
What's love?
It's about us
It's about trust, babe

What's luv?
(Got to do, got to do with it babe)
What's luv?
It should be about us
It should be about trust, babe
What's luv?

Yeah, yeah, uh, uh, woo, yeah, slow down baby
Let you know from the gate I don't go down lady
I wanna chick with thick hips that licks her lips
She can be the office type or like to strip

Girl, you get me aroused how you look in my eye
But you talk to much man your ruinin' my high
Don't wanna lose the feelin' 'cause the roof is chillin'
It's on fire and you lookin' good for the gettin'

I'm rida other in a hoodie or a linner I'ma provider
You should see the jewelery on my women
And I'm livin' it up the squad stay feelin' the truck
With chicks that's willin' to triz with us, uh

You say you gotta man and your in love
But what's love gotta do with a little menage
After the party, me and you

Could just slide for a few and she could come too
That's love

What's luv?
(Got to do, got to do with it babe)
What's luv?
It's about us
It's about trust, babe

What's luv?
(Got to do, got to do with it babe)
What's luv?
It should be about us
It should be about trust, babe
What's luv?

Yeah, uh, yeah, yo, mommy, I know you got issues
You gotta man but you need to understand
That you got something with you
Ass is fat, frame is little
Tattoo in your chest with his name in the middle

Uh, I'm not a hater I just crush a lot
And the way you shake your booty I don't want you to
stop
You need to come a little closer
And let me put you under my arm like a Don is
supposed ta

Please believe you leave with me
We'd be freakin' all night like we was on E
You need to trust the God and jump in the car
For a little hard 8 at the Taj Mahal
What's luv?

What's luv?
(Got to do, got to do with it babe)
What's luv?
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What's luv?

Yeah, uh, yo, I stroll in the club with my hat down
Michael Jack style hot 7 who the mack now?
Not my fault 'cause they love the kid

Ma be the chain or the whip I don't know what it is

We just party and bullshit
Come on mommy put your body in motion you gotta
nigga open
You came here with the heart to cheat
So you need to sing the song with me, all my ladies
come on

When I look in your eyes there's no stopin' me
I want the Don Joey Crack on top of me
Don't want your stacks just break my back
(Yeah)
Gonna cut you no sack 'cause I'm on it like that
(Whoo)
(Uh, come on)

Come on
(Yeah yeah, y'all)
And put it
(Yeah yeah, y'all)
On me
(Put it on ya girl)
On me
(I'm put it on ya girl)

What's love?
(Got to do, got to do with it babe)
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